The Bystander, June 21, 1916.—No. 655. Vol. L

The BYSTANDER

"QUORUM MARS MAGNUS FUI"

LLOYD GEORGE (Vulcan): "My dear Asquith, why take them off at all?! You're absolutely made for it, and this Vulcan business suits me down to the ground"

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

BACK TO THE BLACK COATS

The Legend of the Lost

THERE was something rather appropriate in the fact that Kitchener should have passed unseen into the unknown. To posterity, he is likely to figure as the type of British hero, and much mythology will certainly be built around him. That nobody should be actual witness to his death leaves it open to the fanciful to weave legends of his continued life. Already minds have been busy picturing romantic rescue by Icelandic trawlers.

A Magic Memory

LET the mystery remain. It will give a fitting touch of magic to a memory which it is very necessary that the Empire should cherish. Let the little twittering townbirds say what they will about Kitchener's success at Whitehall, and the critics croak themselves hoarse on the subject of the "truth" about his capacities as a soldier. What the public wish to remember is the image of a strong, purposeful doer of big world-deeds in order that there may be men of to-morrow ready to go out of a world of talk and do likewise.

Who Comes After?

AND then, of course, his successor! How absurd it does seem, to be sure, that we should find ourselves, after two years of war, canvassing the respective claims to succeed Kitchener of—Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Long, Milner, and Curzon! We, the great nation that had so unanimously decided that war was an affair to be conducted by soldiers, are back again at our old ways. Have we decided, after all, that expert government is a proved failure? Are we shaking down once again to a prolonged renewal of black-coat bureaucracy? Of the men in the running for the War Ministry not one could stand to a sergeant's "T'chun."

Churchill's Claim

IF we wanted a combination of soldiership and statesmanship, as I should have thought would be desirable, there is surely no lack of the requisite article. Mr. Churchill, with all his faults, has soldiered through every British war of the past twenty years. The fact that no press-organ has cried his name shows how very badly press-managed he must be—and this despite the fact of his early journalistic habits. Yet Churchill's "Physician Comb Thyself" speech was by far the most powerful criticism of our military organisation that has been made since the war began. It showed us that he, at all events, had an eye to the proper use of the *men we have got.*

Seely, or Sykes?

FAILING Mr. Churchill, there is Brigadier-General Seely, who besides being a soldier was by no means a bad War Minister in his day, combining a good deal of firmness with considerable personal charm. There is also Colonel Sir Mark Sykes, whom Tories regard as the most brilliant of all the younger men. In some quarters the name of Haldane has been breathed, too. I breathe it myself—quite without prejudice, just to hear how it sounds. I understand that even in some of the most super-patriotic circles the name can now be mentioned without provoking fits of apoplexy.

Learn Your Enemy

IT is beginning to dawn on some minds that when fighting the Germans it is not too heinous a crime to know something about them, even if one has spent a certain amount of time learning their language, habits, manners, and customs. Yes, Haldane translated Schopenhauer. Shocking, isn't it? And in peace-time, when entertaining the then friendly cousin of King George, he made some polite speeches. Incidentally, Haldane was officially responsible for the reorganisation of the British Army, thanks to which (despite minor defects) there was an Expeditionary Force and a Territorial Army, the former of which did get to France, and the latter did fight.

The Haldane Plan

SOME people suspect that had Haldane's plan been adhered to of increasing the British Army on the Territorial system rather than by raising new Armies, we should have raised the desired number of men, equipped them, and put them into the field sooner than we actually did, without confusion, or the need for any other compulsion law than we already had in the shape of the Militia Ballot Act. No need for placards, recruiting meetings, white feathers, or any other of the paraphernalia of panic and indignity.

Not the German Way

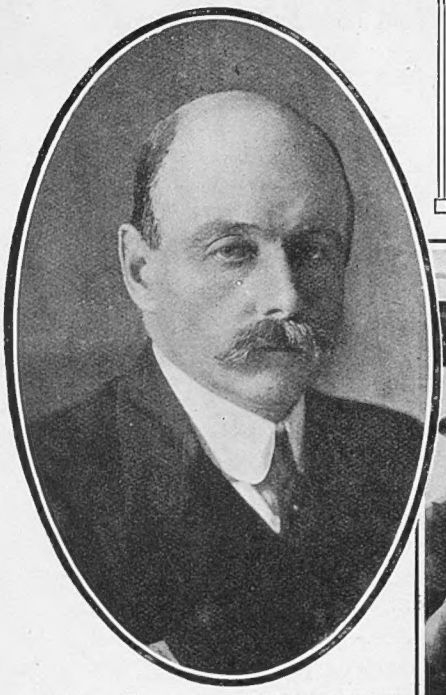
BUT, you see, Haldane had once been on a mission to Germany, and had said something about his "spiritual home." So we would have none of him. I wonder whether any of Kaiser William's men have been dismissed because they knew something about England? *Au contraire,* I rather suspect.

Deeds, but No Words

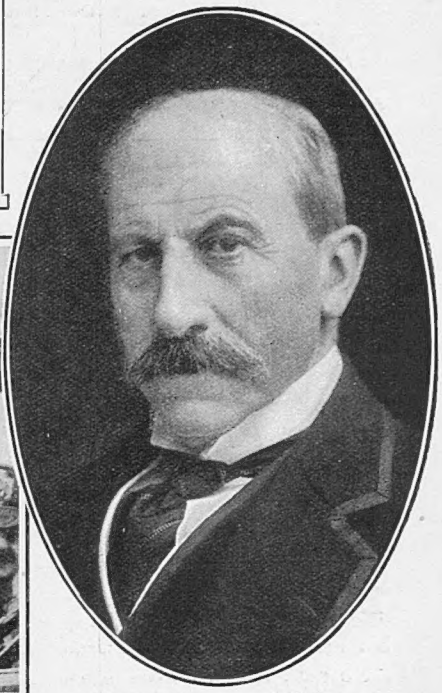
A LIST of military honours appeared on Friday that, stretched out single column, would run the length of a good sized room. How much the public would have appreciated it had they known something of the circumstances in which these gallant men had shown their bravery and resource! Thanks to the pestilential reticence, the impression has been general over here that our Armies in France have been marking time since Loos.

(Continued on page 519)

AFTER KITCHENER —WHICH?



Photograph *Elliott and Fry*
MR. WALTER LONG?



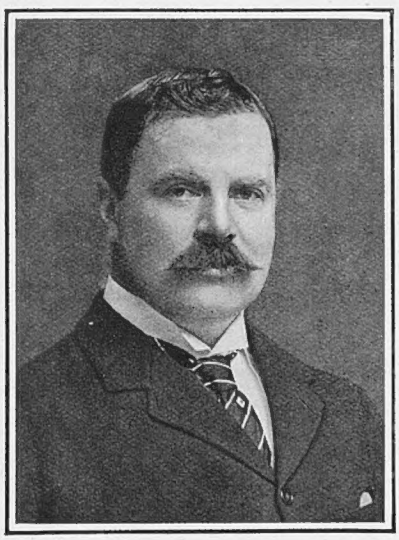
Photograph *Elliott and Fry*
LORD MILNER?

Photograph *E. O. Hopté*
LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON?

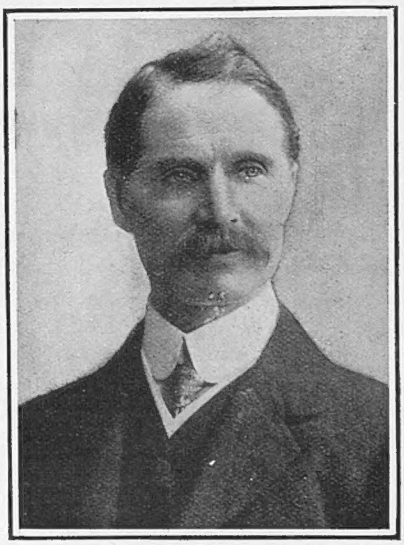
(Space left for possible Candidate who may have some practical experience of War)

MR. LLOYD GEORGE?

From Dauntless David and the rest
Let's hope that they will choose the best



Photograph *Langfier*
LORD DERBY?



Photograph *Fry*
MR. A. BONAR LAW?

It is ironic, as our comment-writer suggests, that we should find ourselves selecting the successor to the war-expert from the ranks of the purely civilian Ministers—unless another soldier by any chance be chosen at the last moment

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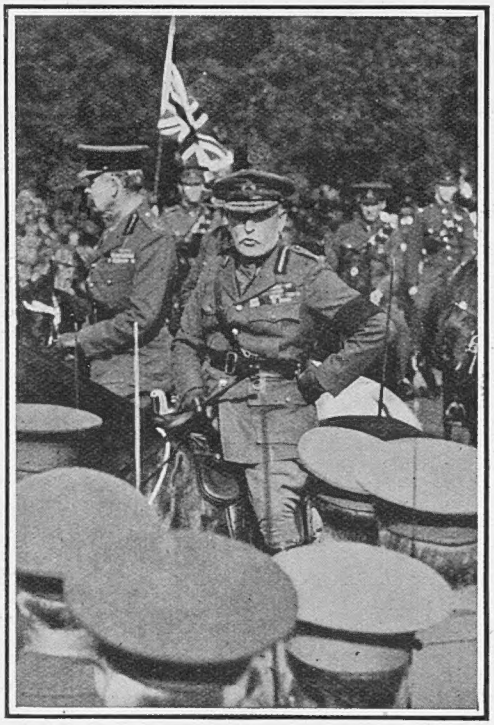
BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded from page* 516)

The Real Reason

THE absence of air raids lately is alleged to be due to the arrival of what is officially known as "summer." I have a firm belief, however, that what is really stopping them is the installation of the Air Board at De Keyser's Hotel, close up against these offices. Anything more calculated to depress the Hun and to impress the native than the appearance of the street outside the hotel I cannot imagine. Every morning assemble there some twenty to thirty most beautiful cars, occupying a front extending from Bridge Street to John Carpenter Street. Occupying their driving seats are some of the youngest, smartest, and physically fittest lads in khaki. We, who have usually to whistle in vain for a taxi when we are in a hurry, regard these cars with feelings of envy, which we hope will not one day prove too strong for us.



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD FRENCH

Addressing the officers of the London Volunteer Regiments which mustered 10,000 strong for review in Hyde Park last Saturday

Some Promptitude

HARDLY were the words out of THE BYSTANDER'S mouth last week as to the need for immediate recognition of the Volunteers and emancipation from the G.R.-mlet than the thing was done. Having glanced at his copy on the Wednesday, Lord French promptly summoned the London V.T.C.'s to the Park on Saturday, *minus* the brassard, reviewed them, told them what fine fellows they were, and recognised them as part of the forces of the Crown. In due course, the Volunteers may glean exactly what will be their functions in the event, say, of an invasion.

Requiescat in Bello

VON MOLTKE is dead—the man who made the war. It was pressure by himself and the General Staff that caused the Kaiser to choose the Belgian route to Paris, and thereby to involve Great Britain and—defeat. Enough to bring down any man to the grave. It is said that the quarrel of von Moltke with the Kaiser was due to the All-Highest's desire to attack the French through Flanders while Moltke preferred Verdun. Well, they have now tried both, and von Moltke did, at all events, die with the satisfaction that he was at least no more wrong than his Imperial Master.

The One Who Was Right

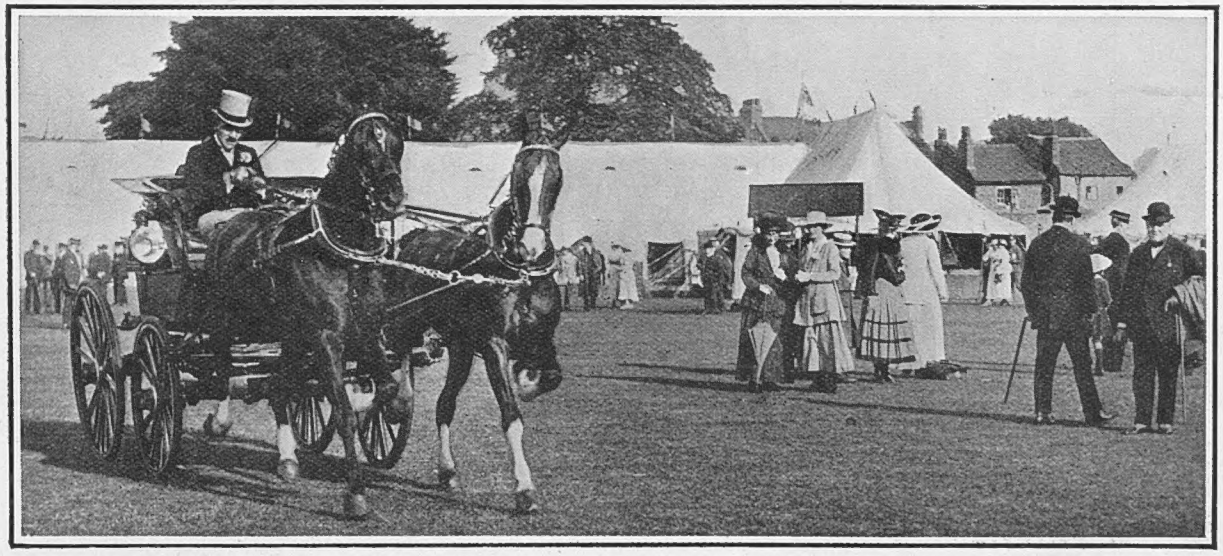
VON HINDENBURG still lives—with the painful satisfaction of knowing that he alone was right, from the German point of view, in preferring not to worry France at all, but to keep all the German strength for Russia. The fall of Czernowitz now proves the old man to have known *his* business at all events.

Congrats—

THE BYSTANDER CUP at the Richmond Horse Show was won by Mr. W. A. Barron with his horses "Cadogan Flush" and "Cadogan Miriam," to all three of whom heartiest congratulations.

—And Regrets

I AM asked by the publisher to express regret at the non-appearance of the second volume of "Fragments" at the time promised in our last issue. The delay was due to the extraordinary demand from the Trade and to our desire to supply all simultaneously. The book is now available at all bookstalls, and will be better liked than ever, perhaps, because of the slight delay.



MR. W. A. BARRON, WITH "CADOGAN FLUSH" AND "CADOGAN MIRIAM," WINNERS OF "THE BYSTANDER" CHALLENGE CUP AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW ON SATURDAY

Straight from a German Prison

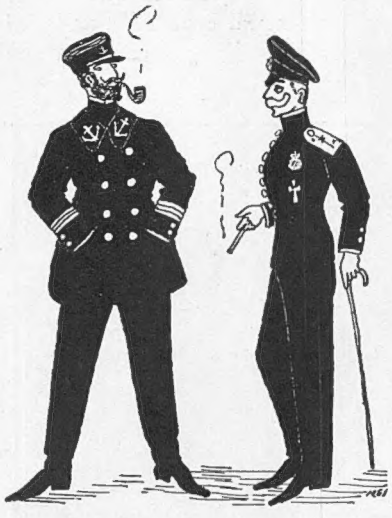
THESE amusing sketches have been drawn and sent direct to us by Captain H. S. Leverton, 3rd D.C.L.I., a prisoner of war in Stralsund, Prussia. The cheeriness of the artist's point of view has clearly melted the heart of the German Censor. The sketches show officer prisoners of several of the Allies' Armies, and are particularly interesting in that the utmost care has been taken to get every detail of the uniforms technically correct

The "Englander" (local slang) is in summer very slack about his kit; not so the Franco, who regards warm weather as the fittest opportunity to display his gold-laced tunic and his red ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur

But on a ceremonial occasion (such as a visit to his dentist under escort of a sentry), the Englander shows that he can "deliver the goods" in his own way of smartness, with Sam Browne, Field Boots, gloves, cane, and Trench cap

In winter the Englander, clad in his little British (so-called) warm, gazes with envy, not untinged with admiration, upon the fur "creations" worn by the sentries

Hardly any officer of any nationality in the camp, except the Englander, wears a uniform that has not got a bit of fur about it somewhere or other: so that from the point of view both of warmth and appearance he is rather "out in the cold"



You would not think that the bronzed and bearded Franco, reefer-coated and anchor-buttoned, was anything but a sailor. As a fact, he is a Colonial Officer of "a Camel Corps." But he very truly says that to get to his camels he must cross the sea—hence the anchor. The Russki with him with the military cap and ferocious moustache is a pukka Naval Officer in full kit

Captivity has many drawbacks, but occasionally, mysteriously descends out of the unknown and circulates amongst the Allies to their universal appreciation—a month-old copy of "The Bystander"

The French cavalryman in captivity used to be a most cheering sight till the "bleu d'Horizon" was introduced. Red breeches, pale blue tunic, silver-laced, faced red, or black silver, white, according as to whether a Chasseur or Dragoon, varnished top-boots, curly spurs—a fair treat

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *June* 19, 1916.
DEAR COUSIN—

A DRIPPING June brings all things in tune, they say, so we ought to have a most melodious summer—what's left of it. It's dripped so *very* persistently and nearly frozen, too, and as for daylight saving — we've almost been wishing it further as we gathered round the inglenook and shut out the bitter blast and tried to forget all about the unending dem'd damp moist unpleasant days outside.

"Even the most fed-up old gentleman will still give half-a-crown to a pretty girl"

❀ ❀

BUT, of course, apart from the dear old weather, summers aren't what they were, are they? Holidays aren't "done" any more or, when they are, it's so silently and soberly and almost surreptitiously that they're more like rest-cures than the very cheery and (if possible, mad, bad times they used to be. And, anyway, you can't make *real* nice holiday in hen-parties, can you? Though we'll have to if we make any at all this summer, for all the worth-while men, if they haven't gone to the war yet, are putting things shipshape and thinking about it the while they conceal most imperfectly that they've got that left-behind feeling—rather the sort *we* get when we're wearing last year's frock and the other women aren't.

❀ ❀

REMINDS me, I sometimes wish some women would get it too—that out-in-the-cold feeling, I mean—about the war. From all accounts, in the factories and on the land and in the Government offices and everywhere they're wanting almost as many women to work here at home as men to fight at the Front. And every day you see in the papers demands that are almost appeals — workers are so badly wanted.

"Still dusting unnecessary drawing-rooms"

❀ ❀

BUT they don't come forward, or, anyway, in nothing like the necessary numbers. And, my word, what a Regiment of Standbacks they are, all the thousands of women who are still dusting unnecessary drawing-rooms and giving unnecessary music lessons and "looking after" unnecessary parents who could quite well look after themselves—in wartime, anyway—still "killing time," our most precious possession, in the Park and at the theatres, and staring into shop windows.

❀ ❀

I DON'T say we want to turn into a nation of busy bees—that would be too dull, wouldn't it, and besides you want some flutter-bys to leaven the lump. And, also, it's a vexed question, isn't it, whether it's altogether for the good of the Empire that women should do all kinds of work? But it does rather seem as if there wasn't room left for the old-style woman, Martha *or* Mary, who spent her time doing the things that don't matter.

❀ ❀

OF course, if she's increasing the population or looking after the 1936 soldierman and his wife she's as patriotic and valuable a worker as anyone. And perhaps a harder one, too. There's no eight-hours-day in small homes, is there? These aren't the females who swell so gloriously the revenues of "that dreadful restlessness" which is revue, or who patrol the shop streets, either.

❀ ❀

AND the kind of girl who says she'd like to "do something" — but only for two or three days a week, or something equally futile. She's a bit of an "also-ran," too, now that organised labour is the only kind that's any good in the way of women's work, just as organised men are the only ones wanted for the war. But she still exists, and in large coagulated masses. And the great tide of life, fuller and stronger than ever, flows over her, leaving her quite unmoved and unimpressed, and still making her

"Or stand about in the streets foolishly"

(*Continued on page 522*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued from page 521*)

little feeble fumbling movements, like the anemone on the rock.

⁂ ⁂

IT really seemed last week, while June wept, as if the heavens mourned with us as we mourned. On Monday there came that great despatch about the Canadians at Hooge—how those gallant men, who were not "raised" to be soldiers, fought against hopeless odds with such unparalleled heroism that the Empire "must be proud, for generations to come and when the war is forgotten, of men who fought as well as ever men fought." And here is an epic I write down for you in case you did not see it.

⁂ ⁂

"OF one Canadian battalion few of the men who remained had any rifles left that were fit for use, even if the men had been fit to use them. But when they saw the enemy coming and close at hand they climbed from the trenches to meet them, and, some blind and deaf and staggering, they charged magnificently but pitifully to their death with no weapons but broken rifle butts, bits of entrenching tools, and in some cases their fists." I do not know where in war you will look for a more tragic or more thrilling episode.

⁂ ⁂

ON the next day there was the Memorial Service at the Abbey for the great soldier who made the New Army that has such a special place in all our hearts, and on the day after, yet another for all the gallant men who fell in the Battle of Jutland. And as the "Last Post" was sounded by the "drummers" of the Guards, it was almost too poignant that they sounded over nothing, that there were no beloved bodies to wrap in England's flag and lay at rest in English earth. War is very, very terrible.

⁂ ⁂

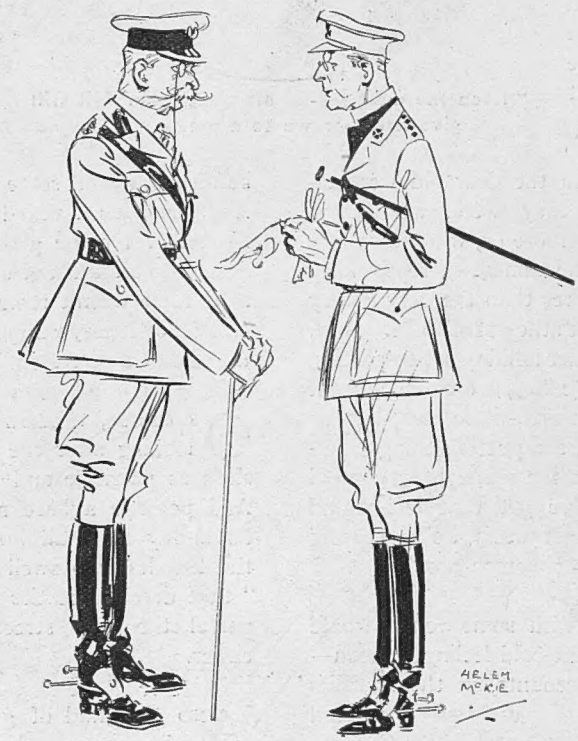
BY the way, I always think it's rather a pity that the only people present at these services are the ones with big names or big jobs, whom, of course, the officials don't like to say "No" to, while the masses either stay in their homes and pretend to take no notice, sensibly; or stand about in the streets to take what part they can, foolishly—and get duly shoved about for their folly, and probably a headache and a cold into the bargain. Specially in this case—Kitchener was the idol of the populace, which loves above all men the "strong" man, and which never wavered in its allegiance, even at the most wavering moments.

⁂ ⁂

THE subject of conversation last week, of course—who should take Lord Kitchener's place. And they were really funny—some of the names that were "tipped." Amusing, too, that the man who really got most votes is the one whom the moneyed-landed-stake-in-the-country crowd so bitterly reviled such a little while ago—I mean Mr. Lloyd George, of course. If he was so unfit to fix up our taxes and things in peace-time, you wouldn't think they'd consider him *the* man to run not only shells and Ireland, but the Army too, would you? And, by the way, I've never met anyone yet who has *really* been ruined by those desperate bits of "robbery" of his which made some people, you'll remember, strike off all their charities!

⁂ ⁂

APROPOS, there's another "day" on Wednesday—nothing like running a good thing to death, is there? But, of course, this one's an extra special one—Queen Alexandra's Rose Day. And from all I hear really worthy to be patronised, because the ordinary peace-time charities have rather felt the war-draught, you know.



"Chaplains and Staff persist in wearing enormous spurs"

⁂ ⁂

I REALLY think, though, this really must be the very last of the "days"—we're all so heartily weary of them, buyers and sellers alike. "I'm *very* tired of buying flags," I moaned to one very pretty "sale woman" last week. "Oh, so am I of *selling* them!" she murmured, as she smiled with a downward curve. And if even the pretty ones are feeling that way—for, of course, beauty mops the floor up here as everywhere—even the most fed-up old gentleman will still give half-a-crown to a pretty girl who tempts him with the

"Quips, and Cranks,
and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks,
and wreathéd Smiles"

that generally go to the young bloods!—how about the poor plain ones? . . .

⁂ ⁂

FOR the King and the Queen's diversion they're actually having *The Admirable Crichton* again for a charity matinée at the London Opera House, though the Coliseum show, where they had the same thing last week, proved very clearly that the art of Barrie is emphatically not for the big theatres. Or for the big and somewhat mixed charity audience, on which the *nuances* are apt to be lost in the general clamour and clatter and chatter of and about the programme-sellers and the Royalties and all the rest of what you pay your guineas for (with a nice glow of patriotism thrown in).

⁂ ⁂

ALSO, there's lots of opera—cheerful war-makers, aren't we? but people, of course, get used simply to everything, even casualties. German opera, too—

(*Continued on page 524*)

A Diplomat's Wife

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

LADY HERBERT HERVEY

Who, before her marriage to Lord Herbert Hervey, of the Foreign Office, was Lady Jean Cochrane, daughter of Lord Dundonald. Lord and Lady Hervey's little son has the Queen of Spain for his godmother

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 522)

Wagner's lovely *Tristan und Isolde*, with Rosina Buckman, that nice plump little *prima donna* who sings and plays *Butterfly* so enchantingly, as the tall and lily-slim Iseult, who—

"... more fair than foam or down was white
Her gaze was glad past love's own singing of,
And her face lovely past desire of love."

And the *Magic Flute*, which is very, very nice, but German too, I suppose. Absurd, though, of course, to worry over nationality in art, because there isn't such a thing. Art, like beauty, has no nationality. It belongs to all the world.

❋ ❋

CAN'T help wondering sometimes, by the way, how on earth all the theatres manage to keep going, what with Daylight Saving *and* the calling-up of their "young and brave and fair"—some of whom haven't exactly *hurried* to get off the mark and into the King's uniform, have they? But the people who know say that, all things considered, the theatres everywhere are doing amazingly well, and I suppose it's only the wash-outs among musical comedy ladies and the like who *don't* lunch *every* day at the Ritz, Carlton, Prince's, or Savoy.

❋ ❋

A NEW play and a mammoth revue—"Razzle-Dazzle!" for its war-time name—were produced last week, and this there's yet another of the same species, and plenty more in prospect. And it's "it" to have seen the last Ambassadors' one, where what frocks there are and what there is of them are perfect dreams and simply *must* have been made, I'm sure, before it was unpatriotic "to dress extravagantly in war-time."

THIS is one of the nicest of the several nice *Pell Mell* quips. The convict father returns to his home in khaki embroidered with broad arrows. The che-ild cries joyfully, "Oh, mummy, look! Daddy's got a commission!"

❋ ❋

TALKING of uniforms and things reminds me of a small leg-pull a soldierman tells me he and his pals have just brought off on the leave-boat. It often carries, he says, a large number of "also rans," "such as chaplains, staff, motor-transport, and so on, who persist in wearing enormous spurs—in the crush and on companion-ways these are a source of great danger to soldiers.

❋ ❋

"IT'S contrary to K.R. to wear spurs on board ship when travelling! So we typed out a reference to the regulation and put it up in a conspicuous place. The result was splendid. All officers with consciences, which included even one General, guiltily removed their spurs—only those without, viz., the men from G.H.Q., were brave enough to ignore their own order."

❋ ❋

APROPOS—of ships—food prices are higher than ever, and what women, anyway, are saying is—"Oh if we could *only* have a *real* naval blockade!" But instead we read every morning in our papers of the tons of tea and coffee and rice and all the necessities that the Navy lets Holland have—to send on to Germany. I *should* like to run the war just for only a week, wouldn't you? The enemy wouldn't be overfed at the end of it—that, at any rate, I'll promise you.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

CELEBRITIES IN THE PARK

Even in this singularly inclement June the Park is full of Society people. Our photograph shows the Earl of Lonsdale, on the left, walking with the Hon. Neil Primrose, son of Lord Rosebery, and a friend

A Nation's Reticent Tribute

TO THE MOST RETICENT OF SOLDIER HEROES

THE ROYAL DRIVE TO THE KITCHENER MEMORIAL SERVICE

A nation more imaginative than ours, controlled by men of quicker wits, might have found a more impressive method of honouring the late Earl Kitchener than was chosen by our authorities last Tuesday week. The absence of pomp and pageantry was conspicuous. The only spectacle to the public was the drive to St. Paul's by the King and Queen. As his character was a reticent one, so it seems to have been thought fitt ng to show reticence in the honouring of his memory. Possibly the public would have decided otherwise. But the public does not count nowadays

BELLICOSITIES

"TO-DAY, more than ever before," wails the Munich *Post*, "he who eats sausage must be gifted with an unquestioning trust." Hitherto rumours of German pessimism may have seemed doubtful; but here is clear proof that our enemies are now beginning to fear the *wurst*.

THERE was, however, a touch of optimism left in the Hun spokesman who declared, the other day, that "Germans, rather than be conquered by England, would consent to any privation." He failed to realise that, like the small boy when offered the choice of cake or jam, they must make up their minds to "a little of both."

ACCORDING to the German Admiral von Maltzahn, "the world will not be at peace until somebody hacks from England's body the arms which she stretches over the Continent." So the Boches have begun to recognise the force of British arms at last!

THE happily false report that Commander W. M. James, the original of the famous Pears' Soap advertisement picture, had been drowned in the *Queen Mary* must have been started by someone who forgot that "Bubbles" could always be trusted to come to the surface.

A PARIS correspondent weirdly foresees that "the day that the victorious laurel-crowned troops march home to Paris, trousers for women will disappear as by magic." It is sincerely to be hoped that this alarming prediction will not be verified.

IF the new feminine fashion of wearing socks instead of stockings with the present abbreviated skirts should become at all general, it is to be feared that a great increase of "calf-love" will be the inevitable result.

THOUGH the new non-alcoholic beer may not be wholly satisfying, it hardly justifies sympathy with the writer of a recent letter to the *Daily Mail* demanding the provision of "Petrol on Draught."

SOME would-be supporters of the Republican candidate for the U.S. Presidency are complaining that his attitude on the "hyphenated" question is uncertain and undefined. They would naturally rather fight under definite colours than under doubtful Hughes.

IN advising women and girls to confine themselves to cotton frocks during this alleged summer, the National War Savings Committee is evidently moved by a laudable anxiety to do its best for two useful and deserving classes of public servants—the doctors and the undertakers—in these difficult times.

PEOPLE who keep on finding pacifist literature in their letter-boxes may account for it by the evident fact that our peace-cranks prefer the post of safety to the post of danger.

The War in the German Home

KAMERADE! KAMERADE!!

Our New Conquerors

DUCHESS (who has been saluted affably): "I don't think I've met you, have I?"
AFFABLE ONE: "Not socially as yet, but I used to do work in yer kitchens before I took to munitions"

WE have swept away voluntarism for men; when are we going to tackle our women? At present, the inequalities of their contribution to war effort are glaring and disgraceful. There are fine women in all walks of life who are daily giving the utmost of their strength and endeavour to the Empire in its need. They are to be found in our hospitals *working*, and not merely driving up with flowers for the sick who are well-favoured. Again, there are others in munition factories toiling bravely week in and week out. And some are doing hard labour on the land, or it may be work that men used to do, which is really too heavy for any but resolute women to engage in. Such patriotic women are covering their sex with glory, under cover of which countless hundreds of thousands merely slack.

WHERE, for instance, does the Flag-Day Brigade come from, and what, I wonder, do these fine strapping creatures do when there are no flags to sell? Perhaps from their smug suburban retreat they giggle over the impudent letters they write to "lonely soldiers?" In these days of splendid self-sacrifice they are living just the same old selfish useless lives that they did before. Probably their mothers, who should be ashamed of them, will protest that they are "ladies," and it is not for them to harden their hands or soil their fingers. The answer is that class distinctions have been annihilated, and social superiority is merely a question of individual social worth.

NOW, directly it was admitted that victory depends on workers at home as well as on fighting-men in the field, the case for compulsion for women was proved. The whole grown-up nation is needed to secure triumph. It is outrageous that strong women should please themselves whether they work or not, and it is ridiculously bad organisation that they should decide the sort of work they are to do.

AT the outset women require infinitely more discipline than men. Very many of them are, and have been all their lives, the weak vacillating slaves of whims and moods. If they don't like a thing they will not touch it. If they find that it is distasteful after they've started they will drop it. Only the fine characters among them have trained themselves to sustained effort, and carry a task through out of a sense of duty. A large proportion of the young women of this country are utterly untrained, abysmally selfish, vain, and socially worthless. The war is a splendid opportunity for taking them sternly in hand and for making something useful of them.

SINGLE women must come first, of course. The children of poor parents are already at work. Some of the daughters of the middle and upper-classes alone remain for treatment. They should be called up forthwith and drafted into public service. There must be compulsion—relentless compulsion and treatment that is absolutely equal. The tribunals should be composed of women with a male representative, who probably would prefer to be hooded. As an impartial man I should be glad to act in this capacity, and could nominate a number of other men who are sufficiently incensed to be gratifyingly fair.

I CAN imagine some of the claims for exemption: Indignant Mamma: "My daughter has been brought up as a lady. She helps me at home. She receives our guests." (The women members sniff, and *I*, being impartial, merely say, "Get on.") Mamma (*continuing*): "She does the housekeeping." Reply: "Do it yourself. How many maids?" "Three." Decision: "Your daughter and two of the maids go to a factory to-morrow!" The ambulance is whistled for, and mamma is removed in hysterics.

SECOND case. Mamma (*proudly*): "My dear girls are on *all* the committees. They have worked on fifteen flag-days. They are the life and soul of the whole district. The dear Vicar will tell you——." Old Lady President of the Tribunal (*severely*): "Do you really think we shall beat the Germans with flag-days—eh?" Decision: As before.

OF course, the type of woman whom we all specially want to *employ* is the Society advertiser. She has become a sheer terror. She is always "getting up things" and doing nothing. She arranges "sweet" concerts for anything under the sun, and has her name in the papers and her hand in everyone's pockets—except her own. She plays in theatricals, and has never done an honest day's work in her life. She is an intolerable nuisance in addition to being worthless to the country in need. All must be treated alike. Duke's daughters with cook's daughters, as Mr. Kipling scandalously wrote—or something like it!

THERE is a bronzed-faced fellow fresh from Flanders tugging at my elbow. He has read what I've written, and he stammers, "Look here, that's all right, of course, but what about Daphne? If all the girls are in factories who is to give us a good time when on leave?" After some argument he agreed, readily enough, that the vast majority of those who would be "called up" under my proposals would give him a shocking bad time when on leave. He even said that he would prefer the trenches. He pleaded that a certain number of exemptions, partial or total, could be granted to good looks, charming manners, and gentle voices. I demurred. I pointed out that, as a matter of fact, nice girls would themselves resent it. "Why not have factory furlough?" was my bright suggestion. "A sailor or soldier on leave can have a permit for self and lady."

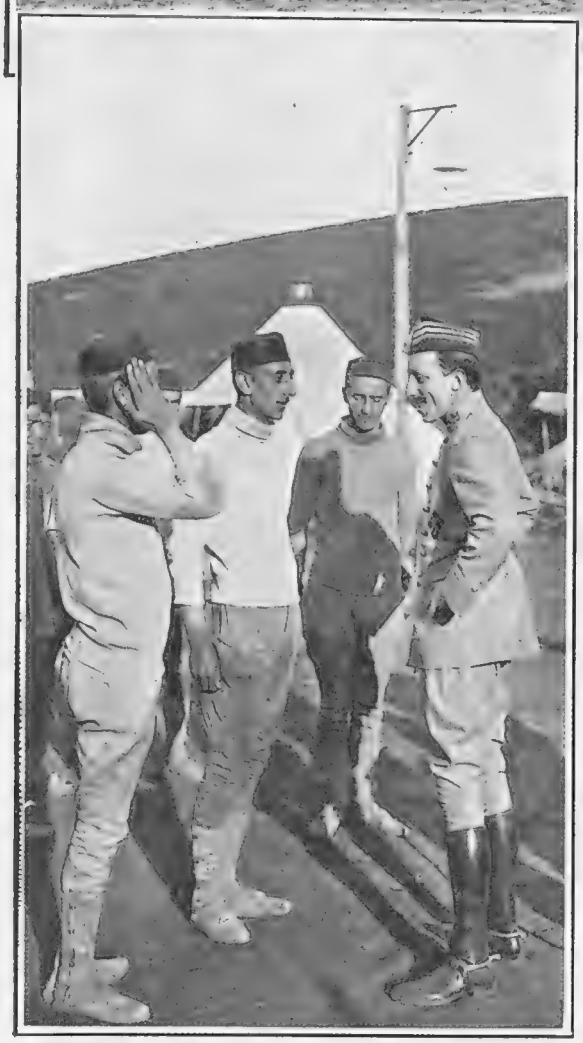
I WAS assured that my proposal would be entirely satisfactory. So there you are. Now then, women, get on your aprons and join your splendid sisters who are already at work! No more slacking!

FOR'ARD ON

"Mañana"?

("To-morrow"—the word most commonly in use in Spain! But it may mean something, sometime)

KING ALFONSO WITH HIS GENERAL STAFF
At the Grand Manœuvres of the Spanish Army



THE KING IN AN ARTILLERY CAMP AT TOLEDO
In conversation with members of the Infantry College. Note the peculiar form of the salute

KING ALFONSO IN CAMP
He evidently has a keen eye for every detail of the sentry's uniform

The King of Spain is happily placed in being able to take great interest in his own soldiers—without having to worry about those of any other nation!

Bairnsfather

AN AMERICAN'S APPRECIATION

No matter how one looks at Bairnsfather's drawings, there is no doubt whatever that this man, as an artist and a lot of other good things, humorous and otherwise, has come to stay, for his is the culture of the optimistic spirit and his message is a dead cert cinch that though men can be faint-hearted and fed-up with the whole d—— business of war they can also be sure that things, no matter how bad they may appear, are right. His is a new and telling way of assuring us that "God's in His Heaven, All's right with the world."

❋ ❋

In these arresting, palpitating, rather bleeding Fragments from France he is not so much a Prime Minister of Mirth as a Laureate, who in his every drawing shapes a little

"cross and plants it deep,
To mark the dug-out where my comrades sleep."

That's Bairnsfather, and he's helped "them blokes out there," and, what's more, he's helped their kith and kin at home, and all who are to come after them to understand them. And how is he doing this? By "fun"—by making them laugh circumstances to scorn. Such is his outlook as artist and soldier. It is one of the bracing things of this war. It might be called beautiful. Whatever it is, we know that it is helping the work along to a good finish. His art stands for Freedom, the thing the Allies are out to save and to make secure. What a splendid break-away from sentimentality it all is! Read those natural-pointed epigrams and humorosities of the people which his drawings serve to illustrate. They are real parlance, speaking plain as Holy Writ.

❋ ❋

If there are those who don't think that his art is a big thing, spontaneous and not spasmodic, I can assure them they are wrong. If his humour is not realistic enough for some exceptional people, there is a drawing entitled "Out Since Mons" that has not yet been reproduced in print, but which will shortly, I understand, appear in *The Graphic*. There's a touch of Millet in the night there depicted. Only the soldier could have got that absorbing poetry into the theme. In conception it is as moving as the "Man with the Hoe." It would make a brewer shake hands with a temperance lecturer, and one is not sure that Millet ever did anything so great as that.

❋ ❋

It is easy to understand why so many are grateful for these pictures—it was because they wanted them, because the people "at home" wanted something more official than the official reports of what is happening in France, something less trying and less personal than letters: they wanted to share something of the hope and the life of their men; Bairnsfather has given them that. It is some give. The great underlying permanency of these drawings will be appreciated more widely later on—but now they are the safety-valve of many a pent-up heart. Theirs is a living quality, expressed in a man-sense: they are the trenches subsidised by laughter. They are all for the fight, but there's not one line in any of them drawn in cruelty. The more one studies them the more they mean to him. They are not paying guests at "30*s.* a week and we dress for dinner." They are the goods!

R. T. Rundle Milliken

"OLD MOORE" AT THE FRONT

"As far as I can make out from this 'ere prophecy book, Bill, the seventh year is going to be the worst, and after that every fourteenth!"

By Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

This Week's "Fragment"

"TWO MINDS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in Paris

"BEATRICE"

THERE has been a tragedy. A British Beatrice has called on my *concierge*, a totally inexplicable interview has taken place, and the Beatrice has disappeared into the infinite without ringing my door bell. Oh, but, of course, you don't know. Allow me. You won't find it in "Dr. Annandale."

BEATRICE (*f.*), a necessary incubus to authors, commercial men, and others. These little creatures, which are bright, intelligent, and often affectionate, can be trained to manipulate the keys of writing-machines, to keep papers in order, and occasionally to answer the telephone. If well fed on penholders and supplied with large quantities of paste and paper clips, they are happy in captivity. Their nourishment should be varied with an occasional taxi-cab. They dislike late hours—in the evening.

❀

I COULD write a book about Beatrices, but the above describes them sufficiently for our purpose. The English variety, which had become extremely popular in Paris of late years, became very scarce at the beginning of the war, and is now very rare indeed. The specimen which I had trained myself, having private reasons which compel her to leave me (she is of the Australian or migratory variety of Beatrice—with pink and gold markings), I have applied to numbers of Beatrice-fanciers for another specimen. Beatrices are like bulldogs in the difference between the French and English varieties, and my work calls for one of the English kind. Therefore, I have been visited by shoals of French ——. But this natural history business is becoming irksome.

MY trouble is that I want someone to type from dictation and do secretarial work, and that my wife needs a *bonne*, and that we need these "helps" simultaneously and now. The *bonne* we had for two years decided one morning that she would like to go and make munitions. We had no defence. She went. And now that I am faced simultaneously with the loss of my Beatrice I realise how helpless I am as a mere man. My wife thoroughly enjoys the temporary absence of a *bonne*. The house looks as she wants it to look at last, and we are such a small family that the work is not extensive. Besides, we all help and make a game of it, and while the novelty lasts this is not unamusing.

"All go and open the door"

BUT the difficulty of obtaining a competent typist (and I am told that when a typist is competent she ceases to be a typist) is making me wonder whether I cannot do something with a rib, like grandfather Adam did. What happens, you see, is this. The bell rings. As there isn't any *bonne*, Beatrice, my wife, and I all run to open the door. Or else each of us thinks the other has gone, and when we realise that nobody has answered and all go and open the door, the Beatrice who rang—because, of course, it was a Beatrice—has gone away again. Besides, so far she has always been French. She comes in "de la part de" somebody, and she gives herself the pain to seat herself.

"Will you give yourself the pain to seat yourself?"

❀

THEN she begins talking. I try to slip a word in to explain what I want. I have it all cut and dried and by heart, so that I can say it

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded)

very quickly, and this is what I want to tell her: "I need an English dactylograph and stenographer, mademoiselle, who knows how to spell and can take articles down from dictation directly on to the machine. I have a machine which I know you don't like, but I am not going to buy you another one, times are bad, so I don't want to pay more than blank blank a month, the hours are nine-thirty to six, with two hours interval for luncheon, but if your English isn't perfect I needn't waste your time." That's what I've always wanted to say, tried to say, and hope to say, one day. So far we have never got further than this:

I: "Good morning, mademoiselle. Will you give yourself the pain to seat yourself?"

SHE: "Bon jour, Monsieur. I spik Angliche—oh yes—not ver much—a leetle—but I write her—oh yes—ver well."

⁂

THEN follows a deluge of French, with little punctuations from me of "Mais——," "But——," "Then——," and expressions of similar interest. My visitor tells me her views on the scarcity of labour, explains the deficiencies of my office apparatus, regrets that I live on the fifth floor, mentions that, of course, no self-respecting girl can be expected to work for the remuneration I am prepared to offer, and that she will, of course, expect to be called a secretary (this is an essential), drops a few choice statistics on the price of ribbons, chocolate, and other necessities, and after half an hour's interview departs. Then Beatrice, the real Beatrice, my Beatrice, the Beatrice who is going, tries to hide a chuckle with a cough, and presently the bell rings and the circus begins all over again.

It's a dog's life.

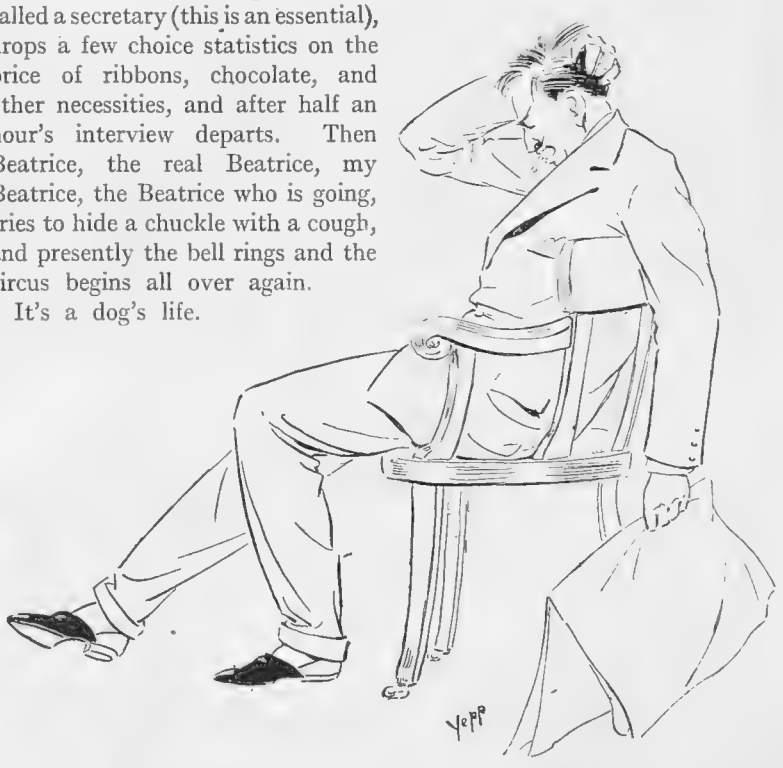
"My only consolation is to listen to my wife being interviewed by the bonnes"

MY only consolation is to listen to my wife being interviewed by the *bonnes*. There are big *bonnes* and little *bonnes*, elderly *bonnes* and young *bonnes*. They want all sorts of things. The only thing they don't want is to come and work for us. We have a little Pekinese, whose name is P'tit Tim. He has a long pedigree, a perfectly charming temper, and has never given anybody any trouble at all. But the *bonne* objects to him. If she doesn't, she objects to the fifth floor. If it isn't the fifth floor, then the wages are 100 per cent. too small. If the wages and the dog and the floor are all right she wants to know whether we have many visitors. If we say not *many*, she won't come because the work will be too hard. If we say, "Oh no, not many," she won't come because lots of visitors mean tips. If. . . . Oh mon dieu! C'est la vie d'un chien!

⁂

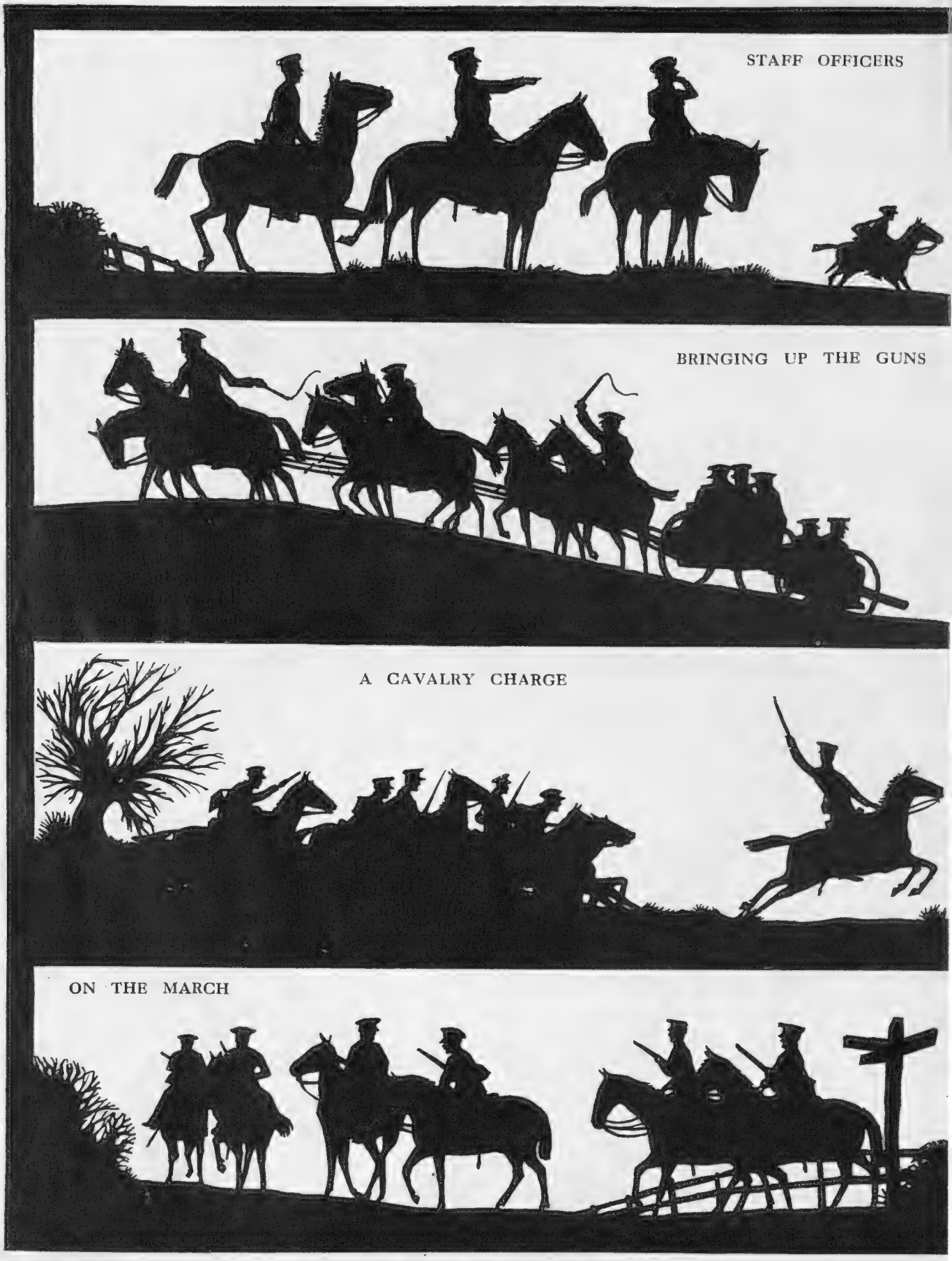
BUT, British Beatrices who read this article, please don't send me telegrams to say you're coming over if I pay your fare. Because by the time this article appears in print one of two things must happen. Either I shall have found a Beatrice, or (2) I shall be dead of exhaustion and shall not want a Beatrice. *Alors?*

JOHN N. RAPHAEL



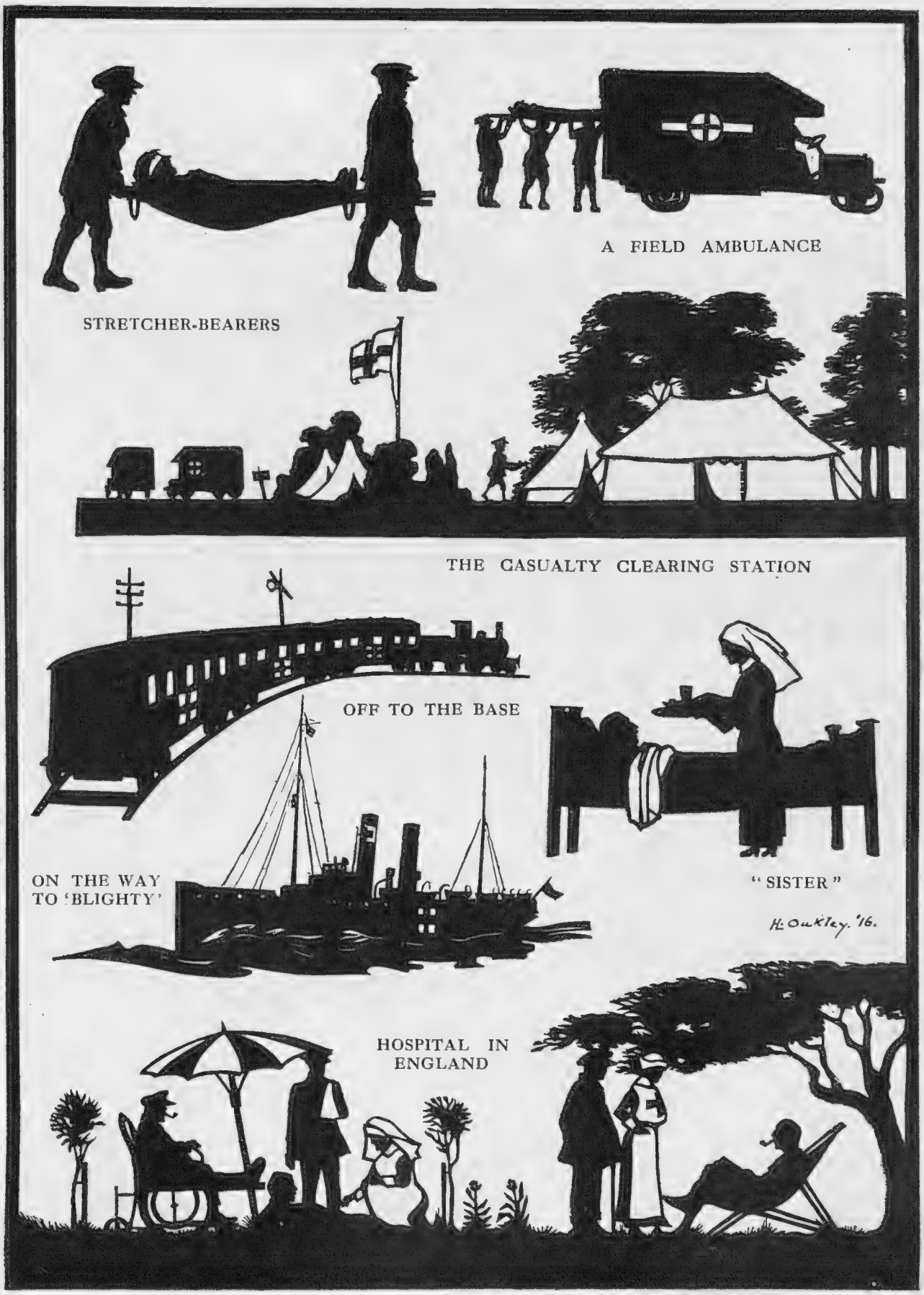
"Mon Dieu! C'est la vie d'un chien!"

Our Soldiers: How They



Lieut Oakley's silhouettes show, on the left-hand page, incidents in the training of our new armies, and on the right-hand page, what happens to their men after they have fought and been wounded. The first scenes are familiar enough to soldiers and civilians alike, but civilians are naturally more ignorant of, but quite as interested in, the details shown on the right-hand side—the method of dealing with men wounded in the unending trench warfare. In trench warfare what happens to a wounded man is this. He has his wound dressed and bandaged, and is then carried out of the trench to the Aid Post, by his own

Are Made—and Mended



regimental stretcher-bearers, and there taken over by the R.A.M.C. This is very dangerous work for the stretcher-bearers. The R.A.M.C. doctor then dresses his wounds again, and he is sent by ambulance to a Field Dressing Station, and from there by motor ambulance to the Casualty Clearing Station, about ten miles back from the danger zone. If he is badly wounded he is sent back to the Base Hospital; and from there he may be lucky enough to leave by hospital ship for "Blighty," where, on arrival, he goes by train to one of the hospitals awaiting him. And there he is very fairly comfortable, thank you

CUT BY SECOND-LIEUT. H. L. OAKLEY

How Nice to Be a Negro Boy

Camera Portraits]

MLLE. DELYSIA

In the delightful Fragonard scene in "Pell Mell," now being played at the Ambassadors Theatre. The scene is designed by Mr. Purcell Jones, whose Chintz scene in "Half Past Eight" has proved such an attraction

MISS FLORENCE VIE [*E. O. Hoppé*

The humours of whose acting in "Pell Mell" contribute so largely to the success of the Fragonard scene

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Hairdresser's Assistant

BY NINA TOYE

Who would think of looking for romance or adventure in a hairdresser's shop? It is, of all places, the most usual, the most prosaic. And the hairdresser's assistant—I ask you, what does one expect of a hairdresser's assistant except that he should look like a barber's block? As a man to be reckoned with, he simply does not exist: but there are exceptions.

There was nothing strange about M. Jouvence's establishment; it was exactly like a hundred others of its kind. The wax busts, the tortoiseshell ornaments in the show-window were as undistinguished as possible. When I opened the door the usual stuffy smell of scent, soap, brilliantine, and singed hair met the nostrils. Madame at the cashier's desk, the young lady behind the counter, M. Jouvence himself, plump and sleek, greeted me with the customary ingratiating smile, due to a customer of long-standing after a prolonged absence.

M. Jouvence apologised for being unable to attend me personally; he had the misfortune to be engaged. Would I wait? A little half-hour. . . . I could not wait and was given into the hands of an assistant, a tall young man, wiry of build, with a fair moustache and sleepy, half-closed eyes. He bowed silently, and led the way to a screened alcove within. As he took down my hair the deftness of his touch impressed me agreeably. He examined my rather nondescript locks with an air of anxious solicitude.

"Singeing and clipping?" he insinuated in a voice that, in spite of its guttural, grating quality, was curiously attractive. "Your hair, madame, is in bad condition, very bad. It needs attention. And the colour is uneven. You should have it tinted."

"I will have a plain shampoo," I declared with firmness. He coughed deprecatingly.

"You should not neglect your hair like that. . . . Naturally it is good."

"That is my affair," I said. "I know what I want."

"As madame pleases."

His manner showed regret. He rubbed the shampoo mixture into my scalp with quick, firm fingers in a sort of rhythm infinitely soothing. I could have purred. Presently he raised my head, and my eyes met his in the mirror. They were peculiar eyes, small, rather deep set, green-grey in colour, with oddly contracted pupils. They fastened themselves on mine.

"A little massage? Not?" he said, and without waiting for an answer set to work. I have never experienced a more agreeable sensation.

He began to talk, and presently I became aware that he was questioning me. What did I think of the war? Had I lost any relatives? What was my husband doing? At the War Office. . . . In what capacity? In that case I must hear a great deal. The newspapers lied so, and as for rumours. . . . I do not know what answers I made, or if, indeed, I answered at all. A blissful drowsiness weighed me down. Through it I was but dimly conscious of his chatter.

Someone called to him for curling-tongs. He turned to speak, and the spell was broken. I raised my head, half-dazed. He leaned over me, but without attempting to catch my eyes. His own lids had dropped, and I could see nothing but a fringe of fair lashes. As he dried and dressed my hair he went on talking, this time about himself: his distress at being unable to serve in the army. Medically rejected, he said, with a sigh. Then about his *fiancée* and his parents—so far away. God knows when he should see them again. He seemed utterly dejected, and I pitied him whole-heartedly. His hands moved quietly and swiftly about his business. His whole manner was extraordinarily refined; had I met him anywhere else I should have put him down as a gentleman. A hairdresser! Yet it was evident that he knew his job. Never had my hair been so becomingly or so deftly dressed. I tipped him, half expecting him to refuse, but he pocketed the coin with no trace of humiliation.

"Thank you, madame," he murmured.

No one but a gentleman—or a hairdresser—could have done it so simply. I took his check, and, my mind full of romantic imaginings, went to the cashier's desk.

"Isn't that a new man?" I asked. "I don't remember seeing him here before." Madame beamed.

"All our customers ask. . . . Yes, he is new. The French assistants have all gone, and we must do what we can. Others are not so good, but this one, yes. A Russian, he is."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated.

"But yes, madame, a Russian from Odessa." She bent towards me. "A political refugee—before the war. Proscribed. He cannot return. But a young man so sympathetic . . . Our customers, they all like him."

I looked up and saw the man watching us, half-concealed by the curtain which divided the shop from the hairdressing-rooms beyond. He smiled at me—a mere lifting of the tawny moustache—bowed from the hips, and disappeared. Here was romance indeed. What had he done in Russia that he should be proscribed? A Nihilist, perhaps? His gentleness seemed to forbid that supposition, and yet. . . . It is the dreamer, the sentimentalist, who pursues his ideal into the danger-zone. But this was no common dreamer. . . . A hairdresser. . . . I left the shop musing upon the vagaries of fate and thrilled with romantic surmises. Then the matter passed out of my mind. I recalled it on my next visit a week later. M. Jouvence was again occupied.

"No matter," I said, "let me have the Russian."

"Alas!" answered Madame, "he also is engaged. The ladies they all ask for him. So great a favourite! I am sorry to disappoint madame. But there is

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

(*Continued on page 538*)

another assistant, a Swiss, whom I can recommend to her."

"I daresay he will do as well," I agreed.

The Swiss was summoned, a white-rabbity little man, talkative, eager to please. He gossiped cheerfully about the weather, the latest fashions in *coiffure*, the advantages of straight hair—mine happens to be straight. Through his babble I was conscious of the low, guttural voice of the Russian attending a lady in the alcove next to mine. I had recognised her as I went in, the wife of a colleague of my husband's. Several times the Russian had (or made) occasion to pass behind me, and each time I met in the mirror his half-shut, mysterious eyes. They interrogated me insistently, but his face was expressionless as a mask. I pondered the strange fascination of him. His personality seemed in some way to invade, to possess me. My mind wandered on, and presently I caught myself thinking disconnectedly of my husband, of things he had said to me, of his work in connection with the —— spy case, the Intelligence job that kept him so busy just now. That he was worried, I knew. Latterly he had taken to bringing home papers to look over—he sat up over them half the night. Sometimes he gave me his despatch-box to keep. It was in my wardrobe now. The vision of it rose vividly before my eyes. With a start I wondered whether I had remembered to lock the wardrobe-door. I looked into my hand-bag, and with a sigh of relief saw the key.

On my way out I passed the Russian standing in the doorway. The space was so narrow that I brushed against him. At the touch he sprang back a step, brought his heels together with a click, and bowed.

"I was sorry to find you engaged," I remarked, for lack of something better to say. He bowed again, and opening his eyes wide looked into mine. A strange sensation, rather like an electric shock, ran through me. Instantly he lowered his lids and smiled, showing sharp white teeth.

"Madame is most kind. If next time madame will make an appointment in advance I shall be pleased to serve her."

He spoke without servility, almost with a veiled arrogance. My curiosity was stirred afresh.

"Have you always been a hairdresser?" I asked. He gave me a quick, searching glance, edged with resentment.

"At home, no. Here, yes. One has to live."

There are other ways of making a living. I would have said so, but he gave me no chance. Haughtily, as though offended, he ushered me out. Evidently I had touched a tender spot. Of course, it was none of my business how he lived or what he did. . . . I flushed with vexation at the idea of having appeared to pry. If he had come down in the world, lost caste for any reason, he would naturally be sensitive on the subject. The open air restored my equanimity. I laughed at myself for a fanciful fool. Why on earth should I elevate a hairdresser's assistant into a mysterious hero of romance?

That evening at dinner I told my husband of my romantic discovery. He had been pre-occupied for some days over an inexplicable leakage in his department which they were at their wits' end to trace. So much I knew, no more. I thought to amuse him, to divert his thoughts by my fanciful imaginings. He listened absent-mindedly.

"What a little fool you are!" he commented. "Ever hear me, or any other man, rave about a barber?"

"I don't rave," I objected. "And he's not an ordinary hairdresser. Lots of women won't have anyone else. Mrs. Lambert, for instance. She was there to-day, talking to him as if he were her long-lost brother."

"Do you mean Glyn Lambert's wife?" I nodded. He stiffened to attention. The smile left his lips, but he spoke playfully.

"Talking to the fellow, was she? I must say he does sound an odd sort of fish. Interesting, rather. Tell me more about him."

"That's all I know," I said. Walter slapped his pockets for his tobacco-pouch.

"Let me know if anything more happens. Interesting chap. Very."

A few days later I wished to have my hair dressed at home. My maid was away, ill, and I was going to a dinner. I rang up

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

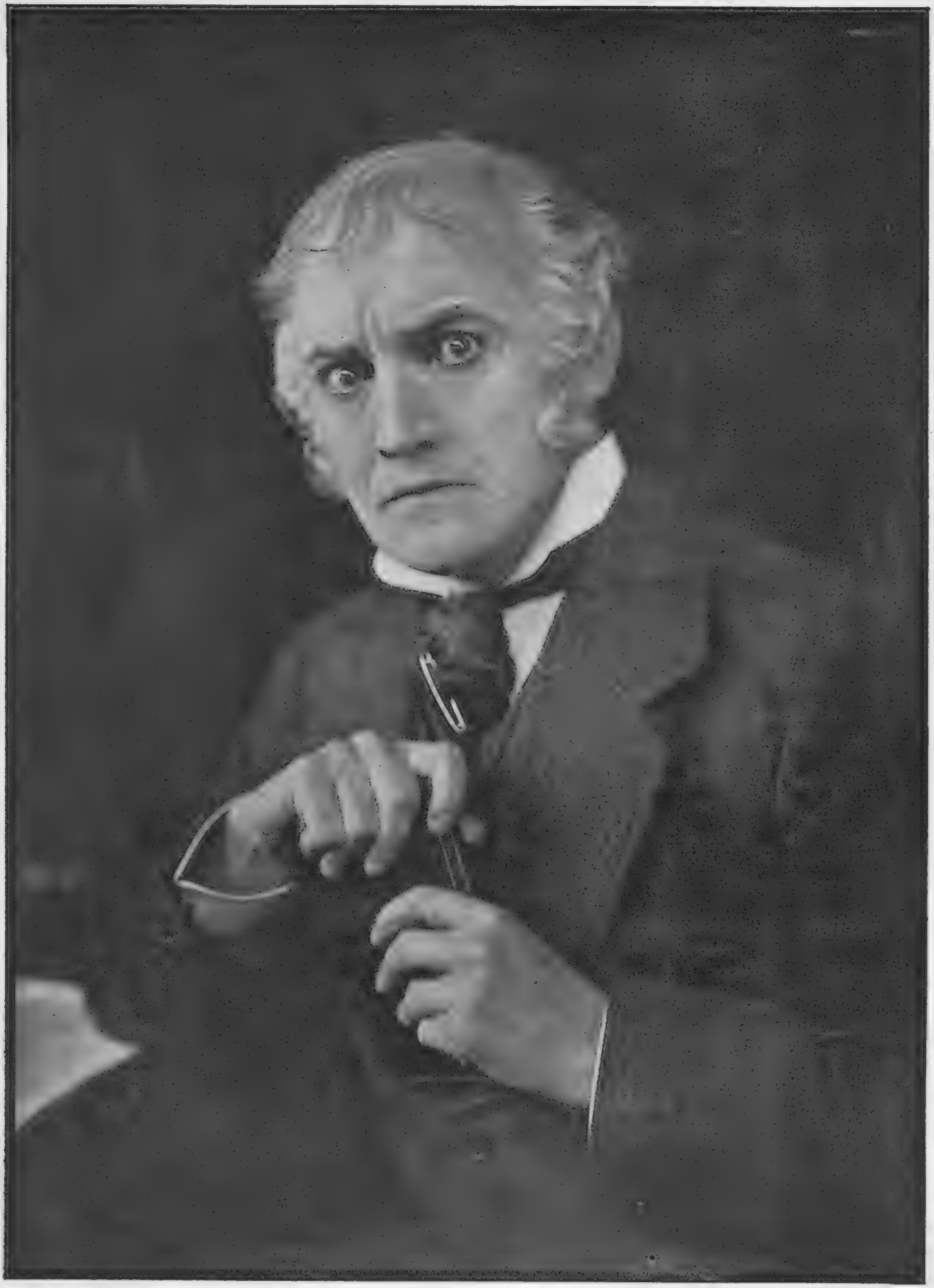
MISS MARIE NOVELLO

A new and delightful study of the well-known pianist, the organiser (with Miss Lilian Braithwaite) of the All-Star Concert at the London Palladium last Sunday

(Continued on page 540)

The Model Butler

AS PORTRAYED BY OUR LEADING CHARACTER ACTOR



MR. HENRY AINLEY, AS "FISHPINGLE"

The old family butler, in the play of that name at the Haymarket Theatre. An admirable piece of restrained acting, and his embodiment of the part contributes very largely to the undoubted success of Mr. Vachell's play

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 538)

M. Jouvence to make the arrangement. Madame answered. Certainly it would be possible. . . . Whom should she send? Had I a preference? I hesitated an instant and asked for the Swiss.

"Why?" said Walter's voice at my elbow. I made a face at him.

"I was afraid you would tease me if I asked for my Russian."

"Good Lord!" laughed Walter. "Have him by all means. You can add another chapter to your novel." I held up my hand. Madame was speaking. The Swiss was out, but M. Boris could come.

"All right," I agreed, "send him."

So it was settled. I went upstairs to find Walter coming out of my room.

"Oh, by-the-bye," he said, "I've put my despatch-box in your wardrobe. There are a few papers in it."

"I wish you'd find another place," I objected.

"Why? The box is safe enough in your room. No one else knows it's there." He smiled reassuringly. "I'm just going out. Back presently. So long." He went out whistling—a thing he never does unless pleased or excited.

At seven o'clock the Russian arrived. I was already dressed and seated before my glass with a *peignoir* thrown over my frock. He entered, glancing swiftly about as though to verify an earlier impression, and at once set to work. He brushed, waved, fanned, and dressed my hair in silence. "Evidently," I thought, "he is still offended." As he put the finishing touches I became aware that his eyes had found mine, and held them with cold determination. His hands made passes over my forehead. In vain I tried to look away. The same drowsy feeling that I had experienced before came over me, then, quite suddenly, I seemed to be sinking through dark, chill waters into nothingness.

When I came to I had fallen forward with my head on the dressing-table. What had happened? The numbness slowly faded from my brain. I sat up and looked about me. The room was empty—not a sign of the Russian, but the wardrobe door which had been closed stood ajar. I hastened to look within. There was the despatch-box—but had those scratches about the lock been there before? As I stood with it in my hands Walter came in. Without a word he took the box from me and opened it with a key in his chain. He gave a satisfied little laugh at the contents: a folded newspaper. I stared at it astounded.

"I thought you told me there were War Office papers in it?"

"So there were. By the same token I think the mystery of the leakage at the War Office is solved. . . . And your M. Jouvence will have to find a new assistant."

"So the Russian——," I gasped.

"Nabbed. I guessed his little game. Had people waiting for him outside. But he's no more a Russian than my old hat. Austrian would be nearer the mark. As a matter of fact, he's a man we've been after some time and couldn't lay our hands on."

"Why didn't you tell me?" I asked with considerable resentment.

"Because, my dear, if you had known we should never have caught him this time—perhaps not at all. Clever dodge, hypnotism."

NINA TOYE

WILL FORCE OF HABIT PERSIST IN PEACE-TIME?

Some habits of which we shall find it hard to break ourselves

The Amazing Mr. Doyle

LIGHTNING SKETCH OF THE DEFENDER OF SIR ROGER CASEMENT

Our heading does not, as a glance might suggest, indicate the title of a new novel of sensation and romance, but simply epitomises a first impression of a man who has arrived in this country to take an active, and hitherto unprecedented, part in the greatest romantic tragedy the twentieth century has so far witnessed.

I had fully expected that the lawyer who has come all the way from the United States to help defend Sir Roger Casement would be interesting, and Mr. Michael Francis Doyle (he likes to be called by his full name) did not disappoint me.

I saw before me a tall, sparse figure, unobtrusively attired, who looked as different from the conventional man of law as might well be imagined. The high, domed forehead is that of the student, the thick, curling hair, worn rather low in the neck denotes artistic proclivities, the hands are extremely thin and restless with pent-up energy. But the eyes are the most arresting feature of the man. Outlined by large, round tortoiseshell-rimmed *pince-nez*, they look at you with a directness of vision which should be disconcerting, to say the least of it, to the opponent whose case is not an extremely strong one. They explain in a measure why this silent, yet forceful, man not yet forty, receives, in annual fees, double the salary of a Cabinet Minister; why he is the youngest candidate ever nominated for Congress, and why he has been repeatedly offered several extremely important administrative posts, which he has hitherto refused in favour of his work at the Bar. With the exception of one, however, for Mr. Doyle spent the first five months of the present war in Germany and Austria as the official representative of the American Government, in order to inquire into, and materially improve, the lot of British civilian and military prisoners of war.

Photograph *International Portrait Service*

MR. MICHAEL FRANCIS DOYLE

Mr. Doyle is a typical American, inasmuch as he epitomises the qualities that have made his countrymen famous as those who have coined a new and wider meaning for the word "success." To use a slang expression that has now become as familiar in this country as over the water, he is "some hustler." This may be gauged from the fact that within fifteen minutes of his arrival he was in consultation with the English counsel engaged in Sir Roger Casement's defence. It is obvious that he lives for his work, and that he has never spared himself an instant's trouble to attain what he set out to achieve. The "Philadelphia lawyer" is well-known to be the most finished specimen the United States can produce; "the" Philadelphia lawyer has done a great deal already, and will do still more, to enhance his native town's reputation. When he has work on hand all else ceases to exist for him; he dines off a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and finds his sole relaxation in sleep. "Rather be hungry than lazy!" is one of his maxims, for he is a master of aphorism; "the worst expression on a human face is that of contentment, for it means nothing," is another. He possesses a great sense of humour, and when he allows himself to forget, for a moment, the exigencies of his calling, is a delightful conversationalist.

This is Mr. Doyle's thirteenth visit to Europe, and although he is not superstitious, he considers this number his lucky one, for the number of his Philadelphia office is 1326; three times thirteen.

C. Franklyn

"CARRY ON!"

A BYSTANDER WEEKLY REVUE

SEVENTH PERFORMANCE

SCENE: BLIGHTY "AT HOME"

[*Curtain rises and discovers a public thoroughfare. At back of stage are seen: Right, the bow-window of the Buffers' Club, buffers reading papers. Left, window of the "Home Sweet Home Office," eligible public servants wasting the public's money.*]

[*Enter a "monstrous regiment of women" in semi-military costume with puttees and service boots. As they march buffers and eligibles rush to windows and rush away again.*]

CHORUS: MILITARY LADIES

We're the General Aid Brigade,
Spick and span and tailor-made,
Very spick, and very span,
Quite a match for any man,
Any man, every man,
Just the match for any man!

We're the girls who do the work,
Nothing doing do we shirk;
Come and teach us—if you can—
How a girl should play the man,
Play the man, play the man,
How a girl should play the man.

[*Enter a crowd of very fluffy young women, in their glad-rags, laughing gaily. Buffers and clerks rush to windows and remain with their noses glued to the panes.*]

SCENA: "HOW TO PLAY A MAN"

THE FLUFFS: Oh ladies, if you'd play the man,
Listen while we sing!
It's we who know the trick of it,
For we've been in the thick of it;
The only way to play a man—
Is on a bit of string.

MILITARY GIRLS: On a bit of string?

THE FLUFFS: Yes, on a bit of string!

THE 1ST FLUFF: You may fancy that your uniform is fetching;
But it wouldn't fetch a filbert very far,
And our soldiers have a passion
For the latest freak of Fashion,
And a uniform they're pretty sure to bar.

The Colonel and the Major like us dressy—
Though at home they work the economic bluff,
And the subalterns ingenuous
Don't like a girl too strenuous,
They'd rather have a little bit of fluff!

MILITARY GIRLS (*horrified*): Fluff?

THE 1ST FLUFF: Yes! a teenie, weenie, dinkie bit of fluff!

THE FLUFFS: To deny it would be silly
In the Park or Piccadilly,
The filly who is frilly's good enough!
Oh, the glad-eyes can't evade her,
And no tailor ever made her,
Such a tantalising little bit of fluff!

[*Exeunt the Military Girls sadly, following by the Fluffs fluffing. When the stage is clear, enter buffers from their club.*]

CHORUS: "OVER AGE"

We're the heroes of the age! Hurrah!
We're filled with martial rage! Hurrah!
We shout and stamp,
And puff and blow,
And rave and ramp,
Where'er we go,
In fact we fill the stage! Hurrah!
For we are over age! Hurrah!
And so, you know, we do not go
To where the battles rage! Hurrah!
And why? We're over age! Hurrah!

[*As they shake hands with themselves and each other, enter from the "Home, Sweet Home Office" a crowd of well-dressed youths, on seeing whom the buffers become apoplectic with indignation.*]

BUFFERS: Ha! Ha!! Ha! Ha!! Whom have we here?
They're very young, that's very clear!
That being so, why are they here?
Ha! Ha!! Why are they here?
Oh—this—is—indefensible! indefensible!

ELIGIBLES: Dear men—we're—indispensable!

BUFFERS: Oh—that's—not—comprehensible!

ELIGIBLES: Oh—pray—sirs—do be sensible!
(*touching badges*) Can't you see—we're indispensable?

BUFFERS: What? Now?

ELIGIBLES: Yes! Now!

BUFFERS: They say they're indispensable,
But they don't say how!

. . . .

ELIGIBLES: In Government offices all day long
We while the hours away;
For our chiefs without us would all go wrong,
They wouldn't know what to say.
We fill the forms, we tie the tape,
We keep the game alive—
Our brows are low; but, you see, we know
Just how many beans make five!

We serve our dear old country,
We serve her day and night,
We serve her in, we serve her out,
For that is our delight.
We're indispensable, really,
We're indispensable, quite—
We serve our dear old country,
And jolly well serve her right!

[*The buffers explode with indignation and the eligibles explode with laughter.—Curtain.*]

[FURTHER SCENES NEXT WEEK.]

The Mighty Atom

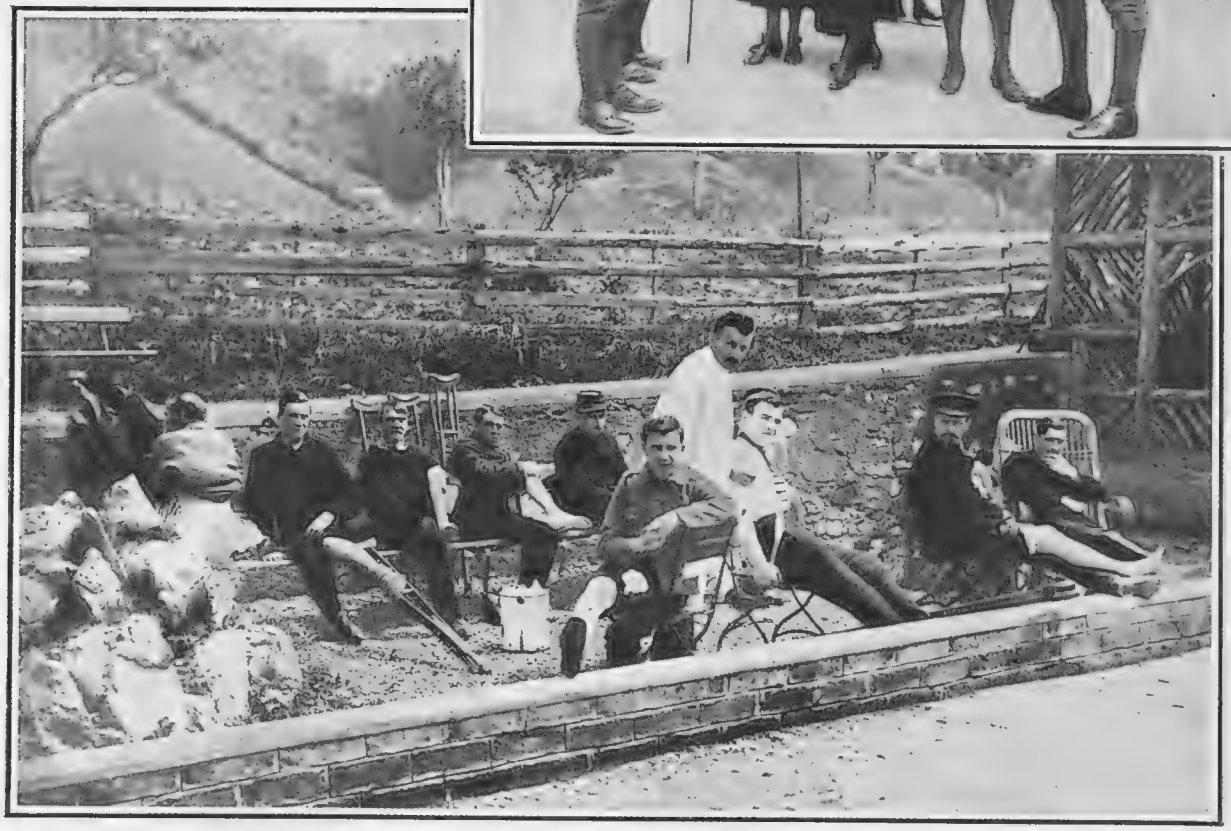
OLD LADY: "Go away, bad boy. How dare you ring my bell?"
WAR WORKER (aggrieved): "Please, mum, I'm William Whiteley!"

After the German Hell

A SWISS HEAVEN FOR BRITISH CONVALESCENT PRISONERS

OFF FOR A TRIP ON THE MOUNTAIN-RAILWAY

THE ALWAYS-WELCOME TOBACCO AND CHOCOLATE



Photographs *Sport and General*

FROM WAR-SHADOWS TO PEACE-SUNSHINE

There are now many wounded British soldiers convalescing in the bright and health-giving air of Chateau d'Œx, and other places in Switzerland. They have been worse than wounded—they have been prisoners of war in Germany: but even that terrible experience has not taken away all their cheeriness. A sun-bath at Rossineres is one of their greatest pleasures

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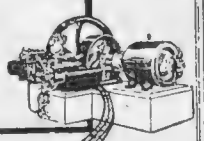

Temporary Gentlemen

THERE has been a great deal of comment in private, and not a little in public, as to the social status of many of the men who got commissions in the latter half of 1915. Some of it was unkind, some merely snobbish, but in the main it was quite justified. We did make officers of a class never before drawn upon for that purpose. Perhaps you will call this democracy; so it is in a manner. But the wiser and truer democracy is to be found in the present tendency to give commissions mainly to the ranks. However, that is by the way.

THE point is, what is the influence of London life on these newly fledged gentlemen and *vice versâ?* That a new influence is at work must be perfectly clear to anybody who cares to go into any of the fashionable restaurants or dancing clubs at supper-time on Saturdays and notes the unfamiliar faces — and, sometimes, the equally unfamiliar manners—of so many *habitués*. If you analyse the character of this latest influx you will, I think, find that the majority of the new-comers are officers on leave for the week-end treating their wives, their future wives, their dependents, or their independents to a "night-out."

THE REIGN OF THE FLAPPER

SECOND-LIEUT. STIFFCAP: "There's a very nice-looking young lady just behind, shall we walk slower?"

SECOND-LIEUT. FLAPPERSJOY (with disgust): "No fear! she's quite an old thing; why, she's got her hair up!!"

NOW there is nothing generically wrong in treating (*pace* the Defence of the Realm Drinking Restrictions) or in "nights-out," but most people are agreed that at the present time such diversions are not indulged in by "the best people." The real upper-class, unphotographed, unparagraphed, and unadvertised, is now living a distinctly austere life.

UNFORTUNATELY, though not unnaturally, too many of our newer officers prefer to imitate the newer rich rather than the older. One can hardly be surprised. These people are always "in the news"; their habits are boomed into fashion, their vulgarity idealised into "smartness." Small wonder that these young men, often hardly more than boys, from the suburbs mistake the appearance for the reality.

NOW, leaving the question of war-economy aside for the moment, it may be doubted whether, speaking generally, ostentation and frivolity are quite so nefarious as moralists and economists like to think. Lady Jemima Flippen-push attitudinising or advertising, and Mr. and Mrs. Hoggheimer guzzling or gambling, are fit objects for satire rather than tirade. But when the tradition established by them begins to take hold of young men who are not well off and have their way to make in the world, the matter becomes serious. And many people think that something of the kind is happening, though perhaps not quite to the alarming extent sometimes suggested.

NEVERTHELESS, it is certain that far too many of our newer officers stationed at home have contracted habits as far beyond their means as they used to be beyond their experience. To put the matter in a nutshell, the privileges of a commission in His Majesty's Army suggest possibilities which the pay attaching to that position by no means justifies. Especially, of course, to those to whom such privileges come as a new and delightful surprise. It must be just glorious for John Doe or Richard Roe, who formerly spent long monotonous days in an office or a counting-house, to swagger about a smart restaurant before the eyes of admiring attendant females. The uniform, you see, makes all the difference. Khaki makes all men equal provided they wear a Sam Browne belt.

OF course, in the majority of cases the trouble, such as it is, will end with the war, and, provided this be so and the young men have not got into debt, it can hardly be classed as a serious trouble at all. But, in some cases, habits will have been contracted and associations formed that will not end with the war. What then? How will John Doe and Richard Roe feel when they retire to the decent, but dull, obscurity of a lounge suit, when nobody calls them "captain" except the Piccadilly tout familiar to us all, when the early morning suburban train takes the place of the early morning parade? Unless they are very strong-minded they may well feel tempted to try and continue the game at all costs. And that way, as everybody knows, madness lies—madness that before now has landed many a man in prison.

BYSTANDER-ABOUT-TOWN

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Jap Silk Rest Gown

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Books of the Week

OCCULT AND AUDACIOUS

Algernon Blackwood

Of those writers who deal in the occult, Mr. Algernon Blackwood has obtained a position which may be gauged by the fact that there is now a uniform edition of his works. The reason for his success is not difficult to understand. In his novels you may read of the most gruesomely horrible and unearthly things, and, if you happen to have just enjoyed a good dinner, you may persuade yourself that these things are no more than imaginative nonsense; but—in a while you will probably be left with a haunting suspicion that they might conceivably be true. Mr. Blackwood, that is to say, is an artist.

Metempsychosis

His latest novel, *Julius Le Vallon* (Cassell: 6*s.*), is a study in metempsychosis. Now if you are a metempsychosist, you will know, I fancy, that the mistakes you made in your former lives or "sections," as Mr. Blackwood calls them, must be put right in this life of ours and in those that are to follow it. So in this book the story revolves round three people of "To-day" coming together and "recognising" one another and getting to know that the great mistake they made æons ago must somehow be set right. There must, in other words, be some kind of retribution.

The Three People

Of these three, Julius himself is a being who has certainly had his predecessors in fiction. He is, even as a schoolboy in Kent, where he meets and "recognises" John Mason, quite unduly familiar with the primitive elements, and his experiments in the dissecting-room and elsewhere are sufficiently uncanny. Unlike many of his predecessors, however, Julius is not allied with the Evil Powers, but seems bent on no more than the orderly progress of his soul. John Mason is of a prosaic disposition, but not unwilling to "remember" earlier sections under his friend's tuition. There remains the woman: and here Mr. Blackwood provides a refreshing surprise.

The Great Experiment

The woman is not in the least what Mason, or, indeed, the reader expected her to be. Before she married Julius she was a domestic servant, the last person in the world you would have thought necessary to the success of his great experiment. Necessary she is, however, and the experiment duly takes place in a little *châlet* on the Jura mountains. What happens there the reader must discover for himself. It is all rather complicated and not very easy to write about in a review. Some may not like the book at all. It does not possess the thrills of, say, *Dracula,* nor even the mystery of some of Mr. Blackwood's earlier writings, but it opens out haunting vistas of thought, and, whether you be occultist or no, demands your attention to the last page.

A Real Novelty

By this time you would think that all conceivable methods of writing fiction had been adopted by enterprising writers, but it seems to have been left to an American, Edgar Lee Masters, to evolve an altogether novel plan. His *Spoon River Anthology* (Werner Laurie: 6*s.* net) would appear from a very superficial glance to be a possibly meritorious collection of modern poems written by modern Americans with—in many cases—extraordinary names. In reality it is nothing of the kind. It is a collection of Whitmanesque epitaphs, written by Mr. Masters himself, giving details of the lives of those inhabitants of Spoon River who have been gathered to their fathers.

MR. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD
The author of "Julius Le Vallon," a book that haunts and yet does not repel
By Venceszlas Borowski

A Brilliant Gallery

Mr. Masters has managed to make of his experiment the most brilliant success. There has never, I should imagine, been just such a book as this *Spoon River Anthology.* There are passages in it which leave you gasping at their audacity. There are whole dramas compressed into a couple of lines. There is the entire history of an American township collected into a slim volume. The book has not, I fancy, been advertised largely, but by reason of its merits alone it should work its way slowly into popular favour. Here is something definitely new and alive, and people will soon be asking you whether you have read it. R. S.

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

Bairnsfather in Burlesque at the Comedy

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER is by common consent the unofficial "Eye-Witness" at the Front. He is the Pepys of the British Expeditionary Force, recording his impressions not with the pen, but with the brush (some say he does it with his thumb). Other "Eye-Witnesses" in the past have had their facts questioned and their conclusions challenged, but the Bert and 'Erb of Captain Bairnsfather are lovable records of quite obvious facts, and have nothing in common with the work of that prolific artist, Mr. Ben Trovato. Mr. Charles B. Cochran has now paid Captain Bairnsfather a very proper compliment, and has, incidentally, done himself a good turn by introducing Bert and 'Erb to the crowded audiences at the lively Revue at the Comedy Theatre, *Half-Past Eight*.

THE gallant warriors appear in the fourth scene of the Revue. This scene takes place on the island of Pharos, where reside a number of young and lovely maidens who have never seen a man. The maidens are in attendance on Lysistrata, a lady who, it will be remembered, organised a strike of wives against their husbands in order to compel Man to give Woman a voice in the making of war and peace; though, to be sure, Lysistrata had the usual trouble of strike leaders in respect of the blacklegs—assuming that this embarrassing term is admissible in the case of the ladies, who may be politely supposed to suffer from the defect that severe etiquette assigns to the Queens of Spain.

MR. WILL EVANS is Bert, a Sergeant, and his companion, 'Erb (Mr. Hugh E. Wright), is described as the Platoon. 'Erb has figured more than once in the pages of THE BYSTANDER, and Mr. Wright has evidently taken some pains to ensure his resemblance to the original. He is a delightful type of the "fed-up" Tommy who seems thoroughly to enjoy being miserable.

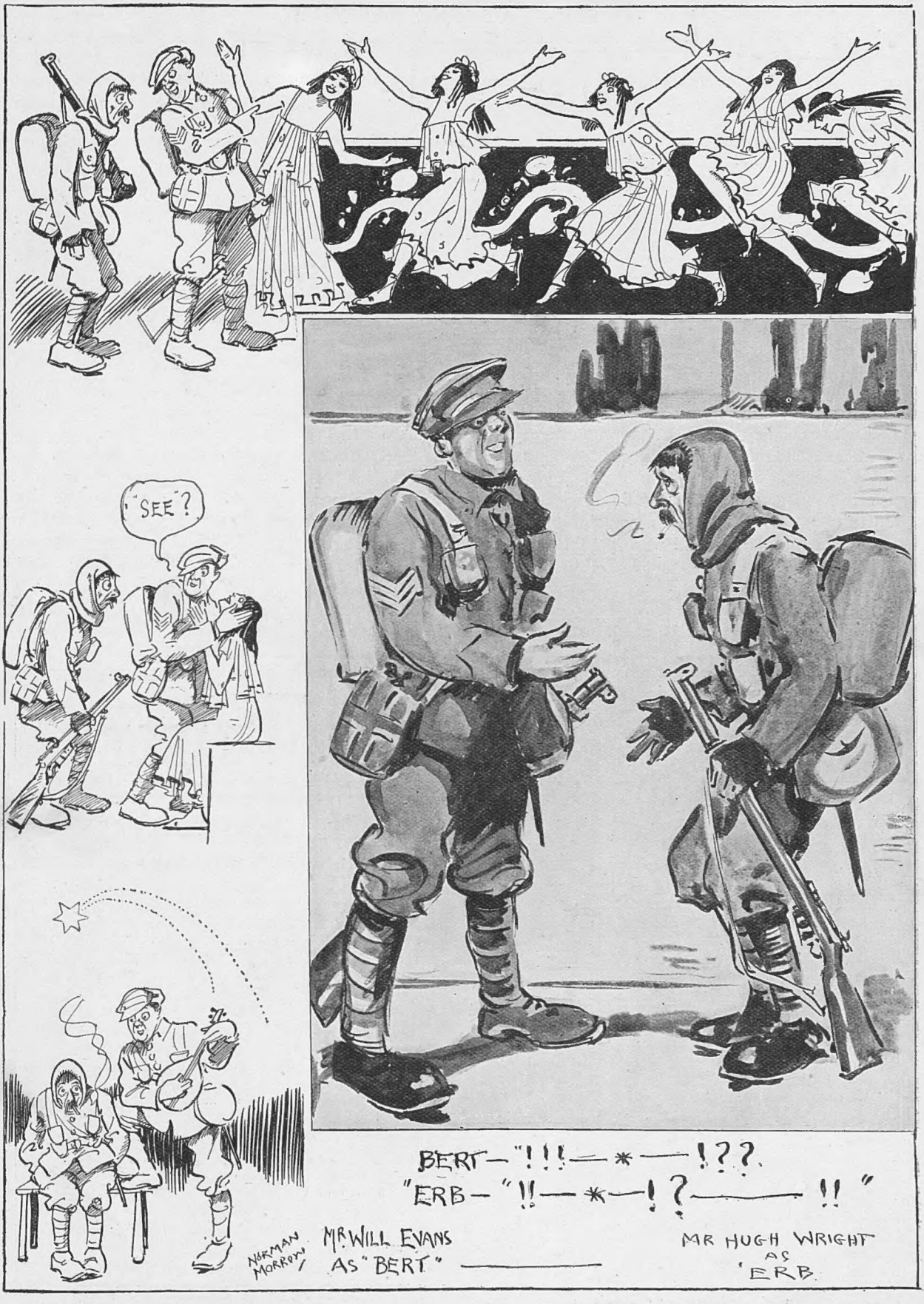
BOTH Bert and 'Erb are of the right sort of soldier, the sort that sees in every wreath of the smoke of a casual cigarette the gently appealing face of the girl that isn't there. And when they find themselves stranded on an island inhabited exclusively by young and lovely girls, the news seems too good to be true. The Sergeant, as the senior officer, begins in the bold British way by kissing one of the girls, and then doing it again, until the girl, with traditional feminine fickleness, announces a preference for the dismal 'Erb. 'Erb, however, is a victim of copybook maxims, and he cannot proceed in the matter until it is understood that he is to be definitely engaged to the lady in question. I mean, it isn't done, don't you know. I am told, however, that when a man is engaged he is expected to bestow upon the fair object of his choice a chaste salute, though I do not know whose happy thought it was to select that particular adjective for the occasion.

'ERB is one of the bashful sort. He can, as it were, hover over the goods, and fix his eye on the target; but when he tries to approach the dainty lips his courage fails him. Therefore the Sergeant very obligingly takes the girl in hand and shows 'Erb just how a kiss really ought to be given, and how you can, with proper diplomacy, make one kiss last quite a long and lovely time. 'Erb is so much impressed by the demonstration that he suggests that when he marries the girl it would be kind of the Sergeant to come round and live with them, as his obviously encyclopædic knowledge on the subject might come in handy. It might. The cream of this delightful turn, however, is the duet sung by Bert and 'Erb, in which they plaintively express the natural longing of Tommy in the trenches "for a girl like 'er." It is quite a homely little ditty with just that happy blend of humour and mild pathos that makes it a singularly appropriate setting for Captain Bairnsfather's incomparable art. JINGLE

"BERT" IN A BEVY OF BEAUTY

"Fragments" Reach the Stage

A "BAIRNSFATHER" DUOLOGUE IN "HALF-PAST EIGHT"



The Bairnsfather Scene in "Half-Past Eight" at the Comedy Theatre—a bright bit of Burlesque enacted by Mr. Will Evans and Mr. Hugh E. Wright. Inspiration is acknowledged in the piece to THE BYSTANDER'S "Fragments from France," and the Tommies depicted certainly have a Bairnsfather "flavour" about them. The work is that of the author of "The Barton Mystery," Mr. Hackett

Matters Musical

"OTELLO" AT THE ALDWYCH

It was a good idea of Sir Thomas Beecham's to open his season of opera at the Aldwych with Verdi's *Otello*. For Sir Thomas Beecham stands for the progressive in music, and, strange though it may appear, Verdi is an increasingly strong favourite with progressive musicians.

As a matter of fact, this statement, as it stands, is, perhaps, not quite true. To put the matter accurately one would have to say that some of Verdi's music is increasingly popular with a considerable section of the progressives. I am perfectly aware that the partisans of complexity at any price, the rabid Straussophils, the Schönberg or Bartok fanatics, the Stravinski worshippers, the "high priests" of Debussy *e tutti quanti* will unite to protest against such an imputation on their mutually exclusive culturers to the last gasp. But, the cranks apart—"cranks," I hasten to add, is merely a term of abuse applied to people whose opinions you dislike and whose arguments you are unable to refute—it is remarkable how modern opinion is solidifying in favour of Verdi. Indeed, so much is he beloved that a certain musical critic, admittedly one of the most promising and brilliant of our younger men, who, alas! will never return from Gallipoli, once said that he would give all the *Ring* for *Otello* and the *Requiem Mass*. An exaggerated view, perhaps; but not so indefensible or preposterous as the fashionable taste of fifteen years ago (which is, not unnaturally, the popular taste of to-day) would have had us believe. Even as regards Bizet, a lesser composer than Verdi, we are beginning to realise that Nietzsche was not merely talking through his hat when he set him up against Wagner. Both Latin composers have certain merits of vitality and clarity denied to some Teutonic composers of greater worth. But German *Kultur* reigns so supreme in English musical circles that we have grown accustomed to confuse German pretentiousness with German superiority, almost regardless of merit, and the ridiculously opposite extreme to which the war has led some of us only makes this the more patent.

About the actual performance at the Aldwych three details were quite first-rate—the scenery, the singing (though not the acting) of the chorus, and the Iago of Auguste Bouilliez. Doubtless Frank Mullings achieved wonders in being able to sing Otello at all, but I found his tone very unpleasant. He must have an extraordinary voice, for he sang what singers call "open" all the time—and survived happily! The tradition of Tamagno may be very fine, but there is something to be said for beauty of tone even at the expense of volume. Mignon Nevada as Desdemona was sometimes very good. The *ensemble* was always above the average. In short, a promising performance of an opera far too rarely heard.

Francis Toye

Taking Cover

"Rilette's" paintings to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley, visualise the lighter side of a drab war.

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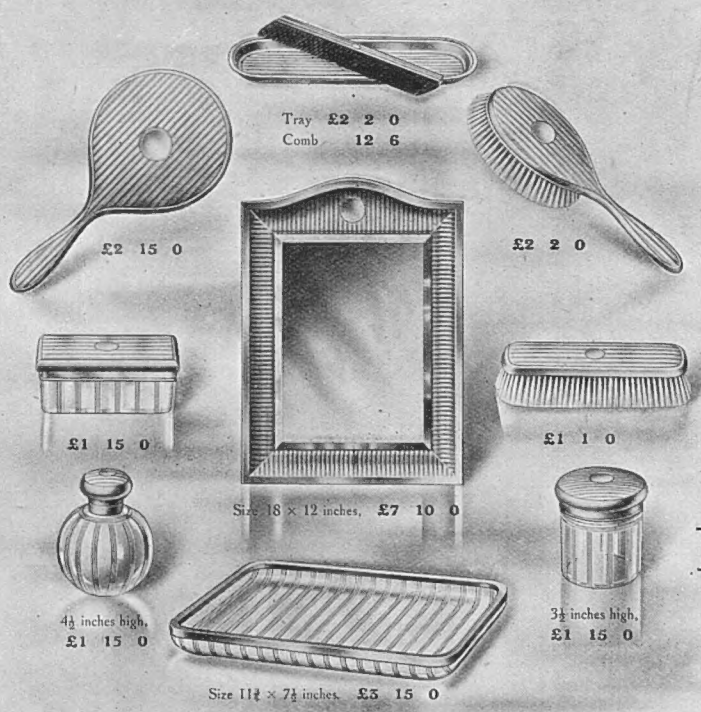

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***

The Suggested Corps of Engineers

TOUCHING that corps of mechanical engineers to which I made some references recently, I have received a letter from a captain in R.E., who writes: "My experience out here (France) has been that qualified motor engineers, at least, are badly needed. I have met officers of a number of supply columns, who control large quantities of lorries and cars and who, before the war, evidently had little mechanical knowledge"; and, I judge, have not acquired very much since. "On the other hand," continues the Captain, "I am doing work of which I knew nothing when I joined, my own qualifications being those of motor-designer, draughtsman, works superintendent, chief engineer, and so on. There are lots of similar cases."

***

The Berriman Scheme

WELL, it should not be beyond the wit of man or War Office so to adjust the material he (or it) possesses that the round pegs should not be jammed into the square holes. The Berriman scheme suggests one way by which, in the case of engineers, this readjustment might be effected without dislocation. And there I shall have to leave it.

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